



It Shall Come to pass

CHIKAORDERY VIVIAN UKABI

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STORY & ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CHIKAORDERY VIVIAN UKABI



Foreword

I learned about Chikaordery in late 2019 when she contacted me through email. She was living in Cameroon and was in desperate need of a stomach surgery. When she was a baby, a doctor cut out a portion of her stomach, which has caused extreme pain and health problems her whole life. Local doctors concluded that a procedure to help her could only be performed in the United States by a competent surgeon. The overall cost was unimaginable for someone in her situation.

Being unable to provide the funds myself, I encouraged her to work and save money by using her talents. She expressed a love for drawing, so I bought her an iPad and Apple Pencil. This book is a result of her faith and hard work.

With your purchase, you're helping to fund her surgery and make her dream of a life without pain a real possibility. As she often says, "It shall come to pass."

-Ben Taylor

PART 1

In the Hands of God



In 1983, my father left Cameroon for Nigeria to look for a woman to marry. The day he met my mother, he knew he liked her very much.

He extended his hand of marriage and met her parents, according to African tradition. My mother accepted. My father then brought my mother to Kumba, Cameroon, to be married.

My mother was a brave woman to come to Cameroon. All my life, she has taught me what it means to be an African woman.



African women are unique. We are peaceful. We are strong. We are caring, kind, and smart. We are talented and work hard.

African women are united and travel together as one. We work hard to take care of ourselves and our families. As women, we share the same aspiration for work as men.

African women embrace our natural hair and skin color. We are proud to be women.



My mother became pregnant with me shortly after she married my father. I was their first child. They were so excited to have a daughter.

They hoped I would live a strong, healthy life so I could follow my dreams. They named me “Chikaordery,” which means that I am in the hands of God.



Four days after I was born, my mother and I were discharged from the hospital. Just before we left, I was given the BCG vaccine, which prevents tuberculosis.

A few weeks later, I developed a fever. My mother and an elderly woman took me to a clinic where the doctor gave me medicine for fever and pains. That night, a new doctor prescribed Oracilline for my abdomen and the right side of my chest and abdomen began to swell. The doctor thought my intestines were wrapped together and decided he needed to operate.



The doctor rushed me into the operating room and cut off part of my abdomen. For four months I stayed in the hospital, where doctors injected medication to my wound every day. A scar developed and I continued to have stomach problems.

After many years of doctor visits, my doctors finally explained the cause of the problem: The fever I had as a newborn was simply a side effect of the BCG vaccine. The Oracilline they prescribed was much too harsh for a newborn baby.

Doctors told my parents that my body would heal itself. But this did not happen. I have had extreme stomach pain all my life.



As a child, going to school was hard for me. I couldn't sit in chairs because my stomach hurt so badly. I couldn't relax and enjoy myself like my classmates could.

Each day I hoped that God would give me strength to stay alive. Eventually, school was just too much for me and I dropped out.



Life has always felt unfair. I don't eat very much because there is no space in my stomach for food.

Because of my health, I struggle to feel like a real woman. I wish I could be free from my pain. I wish I could enjoy life like others. I wish I could move forward.



Now I am 33. Over time, the pain from my stomach has spread to other parts of my body. My parents have taken me to many hospitals in Cameroon. All the doctors tell me that I need to have a surgery in the United States of America.

For years, my father has tried to make money to pay for my surgery, but there has never been enough. The cost of my surgery and my travel to America is so much more than what my parents can afford.

PART 2

It Shall Come to Pass

When I feel discouraged, I go to a bridge in Douala, Cameroon, near a river. I go there to get fresh air and look at the sunset. This beautiful scene gives me hope and courage to face my pain.



I read the Bible to try and relax my mind and forget the pains. The scriptures usually help me.

Psalms 25:17–21 says, “The troubles of my heart are enlarged; O bring thou me out of my distresses. Look upon mine affliction and my pain; and forgive all my sins. . . . O keep my soul, and deliver me; let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee. Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.”

I believe in God. I know one day my past will be over, and I hope for a future free from pain. I believe that one day, it shall come to pass.



God will never let me down. I will learn what it means to be a happy, healthy African woman.

I draw sketches of what I hope my life can be like. I wish to travel to the United States to have surgery on my stomach.



After the surgery I would feel happiness and relief from the stress I have felt all my life. With no more pains in my stomach, I could walk down the road in Cameroon with a smile on my face, rejoicing with those I love most.



When the problems in my stomach are healed, I wish to have a family. I can see myself happy with my future husband as we wait for our baby.



My husband and I would make a good home for our children, teaching them about the grace of God.

I know it is by the grace of God that this would be possible for me.



This sketch shows hibiscus flowers. It is bright and beautiful and colorful. The hibiscus flower is full of love.

This flower reminds me to look for beauty in the pain I suffer. We can always look around at the beautiful things, even in difficult circumstances.

My advice to anyone who is struggling is to have faith in God. Believe that a miracle is on the way for you. Fight your way toward this miracle.

Do not lose hope.



Acknowledgments

Primarily, I would like to thank the Almighty God for my encounter between me and Mr. Ben. This book would never be possible if not for his efforts, not forgetting God giving him strength. He advised me and made me feel better when I was lonely. All hope was already lost but it was restored. May the Lord continue to bless and guide him and his family in anything they set their minds and hearts to do. Let them be a blessing to others as they have been for me.

They are news of life and that God's promises are not disappointed for hopeless people.

I would also like to thank the book's editors Jennifer Johnson and Alissa Aldous as well as Terrell Wescott who helped with the book's design.

Last but not least I would also like to thank my family for encouraging me and giving me strength to be able to draw for the sake of this book.

Chikaorderly

"WE CAN ALWAYS LOOK AROUND AT
THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS, EVEN IN
DIFFICULT CIRCUMSTANCES."

Pleasant
Green